

From Fire on the Hearth.
THE OLD BACHELOR.
Within a lonely chamber,
Without a fire-place,
There sits a lone old bachelor
With long and dismal face.

He keeps that rusty fire-light,
And lets the fire go out,
Then tries to blow it in again
With's mouth for bellows' sport.

"Oh, a sorry man am I!"
Then sings the old bachelor,
Held in song and half a sigh—
"He'd sung so years before—
"I'd marry, but I dread it,
I'd dress it more and more;
I'd have a wife, but I'd fear it,
That marriage is a bore;
I'll live until I die
A happy bachelor."

"Oh, am I lonesome? No!
I've not a chick to feed,
And haven't got to go
A shopping till I bleed;
From all such matters free,
From women and the laws,
I'm not compelled to be
A sort of Santa Claus.
With lots of dame's old stockings
Of saucy girls and boys,
Or every Christmas hanging,
For me to fill with toys.

"Am I growing older? No!
A man cannot grow old,
I'm married, but I will be,
Pop Adair might have been
In Paradise to day,
Had Eve not took him in,
By blabbing Satan's say,
I'd have a wife, my love,
From such a source as this,
Nor let a woman wreck
My hope and happiness.

He thought the girls would jump
A mile to have him,
The question porous and plump!
The saucy girl said, No!
So he said his wedding-suit
Called courtship all a bore,
And thinks that dreadful brute,
A sorry bachelor!

Like a walking ghost at night,
He hangs in silent room,
Draped in a curtain light,
Shuts in the evening gloom,
Then lights a glowing lamp,
To mend his brawers by,
And takes a little sleep,
Or something on the sit;
Soon wakes, and off he goes,
Then another by and by;
He seeks his lonesome lip,
Ends the evening with a sigh,
And, prayers of course, unus'd,
He is a bachelors' bane,
He is alone in bed,
A sorry bachelor!

Our Carcanet.

A holy life is a voice; it speaks when the voice is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.

He that's ungrateful has no faults, but, all others may pass for virtues in him. Daily struggling, though inclosed and lonely,

Every day a rich reward will give, Thou wilt find, by hearing truly, And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

H. Winkles.

The intellect of man sits visibly enthroned upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed Himself to the prophet of old in the still small voice, and in the voice from the burning bush—Longfellow.

If you buy a bit of wisdom at any price it is a good bargain.—Edward Garet.

After Dinner.

An Indiana man claims to have succeeded in playing a thorough confidence game upon the potato-bug. He planted a grain of corn in each potato hill, and as the corn came up first, the bugs thought it was a corn field, and started for other scenes.

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" cried a celebrated tragedian. "Wouldn't a jockey do as well?" inquired an affected young man rising in his seat. "Yes," triumphantly exclaimed the actor; "just step up this way, Sir." The young man sat down.

An engineer on the Western North Carolina Railroad, shouted to a crowd of rustics, who had gathered to see the first train of cars come in. "Put down your umbrellas! You'll scare the engine off the track!" The umbrellas were lowered at once.

THE OLD PARTY.—Conductor why didn't you wake me as I asked you? Here I am miles beyond my station! Conductor— I did try sir, but all I could get out of you was: 'All right, Mama; get the children their breakfast and I'll be down in a minute.'

A quarrelsome couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My love what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone my love!" was the affectionate reply.

Off and on, the man who gets off may get off, but he can't hope to reach the imperiale; while the man who gets on, we are told, may get honor, and, by possibility, honest.

A dry goods merchant was asked how he spent his evenings. His reply was, "Last night I stoned my mind, and during the day I mind my store."

Father Gratry was regarded as the most absent minded man in France. One day in going to the Sorbonne, where he was giving lectures on theology, he fancied that he had forgotten his watch, and then drew it out of his fob to see if he had time to fetch it, which, in fact, he went to do.

Making ends meet—Living on head cheese and ox-tail soup.

On a Sunday evening, recently, a well-known clergyman was eloquently enlarging upon the duty of forgiving one's enemies; and among the questions which he put to the congregation—without, of course, expecting an answer—was: "Do you love your enemies?" To his surprise, some one promptly replied, "No, sir!" The speaker who thus unexpectedly made answer was a little boy sitting in one of the front pews; and the result, as may be imagined, was the upsetting of the gravity of both preacher and congregation.

Prof. Agassiz was a Christian. He believed in God, that man was created by God, and not self-developed, and that the whole scheme of the creation was designed by an intelligent, all-powerful Being, and was not a self-existing, self-creeping course of atoms. For the expression of this belief, he has been assailed by the men who think themselves wiser than their Creator, but who have harmed him not.—At the opening of the Peabody school last summer, after the preliminaries were arranged, he paused just before commencing his address, and inviting the students to join with him, laid the foundation of the work to be prosecuted there in prayer.

Housewifery.

CHAPPED HANDS.

The easiest and simplest remedy is found in every store room. Take common starch and grind it with a knife until it is reduced to the smoothest powder. Take a clean box and fill it with starch thus prepared, so as to have it continually at hand for use. Every time hands are taken from the suds or dish-water, wipe them, and, while they are yet damp, rub a portion of starch thoroughly over them, covering the whole surface. The effect is magical. Thorough, smarting skin is cooled and soothed and healed, bringing and insuring the greatest degree of comfort and freedom from this by no means insignificant trial.

ELEGANT IVY.

The use of the English ivy for the purpose of decorating living-rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly commended. Being very strong they will live through any treatment; but study their peculiarities, and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Most houses are hot for them, as indeed, they are for their owners. Neither plants or people should have the temperature over 95 deg. Fahrenheit. Take care not to enclose your lives by excessive watering or undue heat, and you will see they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not, or in what position or direction you train them. Indeed, so much will they do themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than any thing else in nature or art.

Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your tiny entry from your parlor to be arched or curved, like those in the drawing-rooms of your richer neighbor? Buy a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are sometimes placed in, and screw them the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of English ivy—the longer the better; then train the plants over the top, against the sides—indeed any way your fancy dictates. You need not buy the beautiful, but costly pots the flower dealers will advise; common glazed ones will answer every purpose, for by placing in each two or three sprays of English ivy in a month's time no vestige of the pot itself can be discerned through their thick screen.

The English ivy growing over the walls of a building, instead of promoting dampness, as most persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it; and is mentioned as a fact—that in a certain room where damp had prevailed for a length of time, the affected parts inside had become dry when ivy had grown up to cover the opposite exterior side. The close overhanging pendent leaves prevent the rain or moisture from penetrating to the wall. Beauty and utility in this case go hand in hand.—Journal of Horticulture.

Desultory.

CHURCHES IN AMERICA.—With regard to the churches in the large cities two things greatly struck me. One was the number of advertisements of Sunday services which appeared in the Saturday newspapers—from a column to two columns in extent. The other was the extraordinary number, the size, the costliness, and the fine position of the churches. If their style of architecture did not always please me, I could not deny that for comfort and general attractiveness the American churches in the great cities surpassed our own. But, you, have asked, or others will ask—What? Well, with regard to them, I can only say that as I traveled along the railway lines, I constantly saw in villages and small towns three church spires where I should have seen but one in England. (Cheers.) Father Hyacinthe has said that there are three inscriptions which seem to mark an American town, and which seem to be equally dear to the people—the bank, the school, and the church. Well, this is perhaps true, but the Father should have put the bank last, and not first. (Laughter.) When land is cleared for a new settlement, it is not, as is common with us, that the public house is one of the first buildings erected, but it is a school-house, which serves also as a place where all the inhabitants may, at first, worship together; and then, as they grow in numbers, they branch off and build their several denominational churches. (Loud cheering.) If the people on the spot can't wholly put up a building, or support a minister, then they get help from missionary and other bodies in distant places—the strong helping the weak, and the feeling prevailing that, somehow or other, those great civilizing agencies of American life, the church and the school, must be provided. (Much cheering.) So far as I am able to speak of the clergy, I may say that I saw nothing in their looks, or in their surroundings, and heard nothing to justify the assumptions of those who assert that a ministry dependent for support on the people must be half starved, and quite emaciated. (Cheers.) In fact, America seems to be a sort of land of Goshen for the clergy; for not only do many of them receive large incomes, but are allowed to travel on the railways at half-price, and enjoy exceptional privileges at hotels and other places. (Laughter and cheers.) They also appear to me to deserve, as well as to receive, the respect of the people. I understand, that as a general rule, they have received a thorough theological training; and that the pulpit attracts a large percentage of the best minds of the country; while preaching exerts a great influence on the people. The only fault I heard found with it was that it was too intellectual, and addressed too much to the head, and too little to the heart—a statement which, if it is true, shows that voluntaryism has given to the Americans an educated ministry. (Hear, hear.)—W. Williams.

NEW SNOKS.—The Herald of Health has the following on "breaking in" boots and shoes. This article is to the letter.

1. Never break in new boots or shoes. If they are not easy when new don't take them, for the boots will break your feet oftener than your feet will break the boots.

2. If you go on "breaking in" boot leather you will need a special last, made with all sorts of knots and protuberances to correspond with your distorted joints. Then wear it well.

3. If you have large feet, admit it in all honesty, and have your boots made accordingly. Then you will be happy.

4. If your shoemaker does not know enough to make easy boots and shoes, refuse to take his work, and tell him to learn his trade before asking your patronage.

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